

# The Prairie Light Review

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Volume 9

Number 1 *Falling Asleep in America*

Article 29

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Fall 12-1-1989

## Untitled

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*College of DuPage*

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### Recommended Citation

Dellan, Marlene (1989) "Untitled," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 9 : No. 1 , Article 29.

Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol9/iss1/29>

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She often drew on the sheets. Webs.  
This was her way of saying good bye.  
Sometimes she caught things (a fish! in the Mississippi!)  
but that never stopped the river flowing; ebbbed nothing  
not even her mind you don't tell her you know this.  
She does her laundry late at nite-the janitors know her now, but  
she may have introduced them.  
one never can tell with those flighty types  
April, she snared a man in her pillow but he struggled and she had  
to cut him out before they both died of it all, but that's just the  
way it is these days with the man and woman - I know,  
she drew on my sheets once-  
And that she said Will cure you.  
The mural on the walls may have distracted me, but I never got  
the chance to go to the laundrette with her and her sheets.  
She hid them in hefty bags so no one would know.  
They were white before but now they're red-  
Maybe she's in love or maybe she's dead though  
whatever it is, I'm sure she knows it.  
  
I never saw her sleep;  
it must have been slow coming.

*Marlene Dellan*